

21

THE ROYAL SCREW

Koo Stark went from soft-porn poollet to Page-One scandal at the drop of a royal knicker. In this OUI exclusive see the photos from the film that made the rep for the girl who made Prince Andrew. Story by John James.



12

WHORES OF THE CARIBBEAN

Where does a vacationer find sexual succor in St. Thomas, a willing Juanita in San Juan? He consults our guide, compiled by prostitute/advocate Dolores French, who found the best whorehouses in the islands by working them. Every one. Story by Dolores French. Photos by Ron Zirpolli.



42

THE LOWER DEPTHS

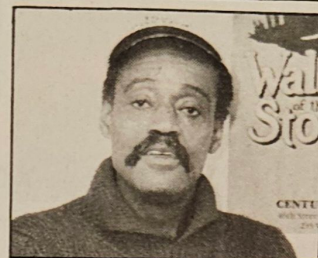
Bold new fiction from John Rechy, flamboyant author of "City of Night." In this excerpt from his forthcoming novel, "Bodies and Souls," he explores the sexual exploitation of a modern man.



52

LINNEA QUIGLEY

She's lead guitar of the rock band "Skirts," sexy coed in the soon-to-be-released "Graduates of Malibu High" and she likes boys and motorcycles a whole lot more than boring girls and casting couches. Photos by Andy Pearlman. Interview by J. Brennan.



19

SCHOOLIN'

Producer, playwright, novelist, actor Melvin Van Peebles remembers growing up horny in two poignant stories of adolescent angst.



25

RUMORS AT THE TOP

Paul Krassner never met a rumor he didn't appreciate, or couldn't improve on, from his internationally famous worms in the hamburgers to his current Proctor & Gamble/Church of Satan link-up. Another satirathon from old Rumplesforeskin.

44

MUSIC: EXPLORING STRANGE FANS WITH LOUIS CLARK. THE DEATH WISH ROCK OF WARREN ZEVON AND TANE CAIN'S BATTLE WITH OVERBEARING BEAUTY.

Louis Clark of ELO is bringing Beethoven to the heavy metal horde with "Hooked On Classics" and our own classy looker Zevon conquers alcoholism and looks for life after "Excitable Boy" while ex-model Tane shows us the brains behind the body.



60

AND NOW ... DA WINNAH!

At long last OUI unveils the winner of our ongoing, inexplicable Orange County Talent Hunt. The question "Why Orange County?" is yet to be answered. The question "Why Jody?" needs only a perusal of her stunning pictorial for the answer. Photos by Rocco DiRico. Interview by Thompson DeWitt.



FEATURES

17 **ORSON BEAN'S PAGE:** Sloth without guilt.

27 **MY VICIOUS VALENTINE:** The famous and the profane in the year's most shocking love stories. By George Carpozi Jr.

101 **DEAR ANNIE:** Covergirl sex-star Anna Ventura lives out your fantasies.

DEPARTMENTS AND OUI GIRLS

4 **LETTERS**

7 **PHOTO STRIP**

30 **PHOTO STRIP**

70 **STAX:** A new breed of stripper.

78 **FOREIGN FILM:** Helena, a Greek classic.

86 **AMATEUR OF THE MONTH:** Cindy Lee combines the best of East and West.

102 **OUI VIEWS:** Reviews of records, books and films men like.

34

COVERGIRL MINDI MILLER

The perennial guest star, Mindi's bolstered Robert Wagner on "Switch," co-starred in "Monster Squad," wowed 'em in "Westworld" and currently plays host for midnight movies on an L.A. station. She also lifts weights, karate chops and gives great pictorial. Photos by Dick Zimmerman.



MELVIN VAN PEEBLES SCHOOLIN'

The *Enfant Terrible* of Broadway and Hollywood Summons Up a Summer of '41 in Badass, Bittersweet Retrospective...

Melvin Van Peebles, screenwriter, associate producer and co-star of the NBC Television mini-series "Sophisticated Gents," has authored nine books, numerous feature films, TV specials and Broadway shows.

Van Peebles's film work includes the directing and scoring of "Watermelon Man." He also wrote, directed, scored and starred in "Sweet Sweetback's BaadAsssss Song." At the 1967 San Francisco Film Festival, his film, "Story Of A Three Day Pass," met critical acclaim.

For the theater, Van Peebles wrote the book, music and lyrics for

"Ain't Supposed To Die A Natural Death" which was nominated for two Tony Awards. Recently he has directed two Off-Broadway shows: "Body Bags," starring Donna Pescow, and "Waltz Of The Stork," starring himself, which moved to Broadway. He is now producing "Becky," a musical version of Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and a musical drama, "The Champen," for Off-Broadway.

In addition, he is preparing a situation comedy for NBC Television. His novels include: "A Bear For The F.B.I.," "The True American," and "Just An Ole Sweet Song."

Sexual Nostalgia by MELVIN VAN PEEBLES

If I think in terms of lessons learned, or if I am in a new situation and need an axiom, or attitude, or something by way of a guide, my mind turns, not to formal school, but to my dad's tailor shop (long since sold). There against the backdrop of my dad's place I became aware of my sphere of knowledge and began to plug the holes of ignorance. Each time I filled a gap I thought, "This is it, now I know everything about everything." Sometimes I would go for months without noticing another hole and sometimes it was only a matter of a day, or an hour.

It was there, in the tailor shop, that my practical education in the life work of a man (I was assured at the time by the Professor and Sammy) began in earnest. I was only ten years old, but they thought it was time I learned to start putting it to the chicks. My education began on the day that Sammy came to work for my Dad. It was almost Easter, yet it was still pretty cold. Sammy had a chubby rear and a pot gut, and he always talked about getting back down to fighting weight, a hundred and thirty-five—shit yes, man, feel that arm. Sammy wasn't big, but at the time he belonged to the world of giants and herculean strength that boys are apt to lump all men into.

Dad had hired Sammy because of the Professor, who was getting slower each year. The Prof proudly came from the old school. Yes, sir, a tailor was really a tailor in those days—none of this botching clothing together the way they do now. Sometimes a cheap customer would explain in the circumlocutory language of the stingy—(shrugging) Oh, this is just an old pair I'm just trying to stretch out a little, hit 'em a lick, just slap it together for me (more motions). If the cheap customer was talking to the Professor he was wasting his breath,

because botching was something the Prof never could, or would permit himself. Tailoring is an art, he always said.

Then the Prof would stand up, put a foot on his chair, take off his glasses, and declaim on the evils of: tobacco, which he said was treated with morphine to make it habit forming; God, which was a lot of poppykaush kept up by wallstreet to keep the poor ignorant working man poor and ignorant; labor unions; and the Negro situation and how it got that way. The Professor was my friend and until Sammy came he was my sole counselor in plugging the holes that I noticed in my sphere of knowledge from time to time.

Sammy was a "botcher." Because of this fact plus his youth (he was only a third as old as the Prof) plus a keen objectivity about the quality of work a customer wanted done, he was four times faster than the Professor. But there was no rivalry between them. Each was happy in his little

realm and parentally indulgent of the other—Sammy in his world of speed and efficiency and the Prof in his world of artistry and precision. The first real indication I had of a hole in my sphere, that would plague me for years and that I later learned to call sex, was when I was seven or eight. It was very hard for me to be sure of what I knew, or didn't know. Maybe grownups talk that way, spelling words. Maybe they stop laughing and look funny when anybody walks in—a child has no way to gauge his knowledge.

Anyway, one time the situation got so critical that it couldn't be bluffed through and I was on the brink of a great revelation, but my Mother stepped in and whisked me to safety. At the time we lived upstairs, two floors above the tailor shop. It was almost closing time one evening when a drunk lady dancer came in and wanted to be fitted for a pair of slacks. The Prof was very educated and polite. "Of course, Madam, you understand it...um, um harumph...it is difficult to get the correct...um harumph measurement for a woman, using um, um just the waist band harumph...but," the Professor said. (This was Prof's way of telling her she should be measured in the crotch, too.)

"Oh, hell," she said. "I haven't time to go back and piss around putting on slacks. Excuse me, Sonny," she said catching sight of me. "Go ahead and measure me, Mister."

"Harumph...of course, Madam, it is best...we wish to satisfy, of course," Prof said. He began to work his hand with the tape measure under her skirt. His corner jaw muscles were straining violently to keep from grinning, he always tried to appear stern and businesslike with customers.

"Wait just a Goddamn minute," the lady said, getting a little worked up in the struggle to spraddle her legs enough to



Illustration by Richard Jaccoma

allow Prof's hand passage up her skirt. The Professor stopped, withdrew his hand, and began fumbling with his glasses. "Oh, hell. Excuse me, Son," she said, "I'll take this damn thing off, but I haven't..." At that moment my mother who had been pinning on cleaning tags grabbed me and carried me upstairs.

As I grew older Prof began interpreting opera duets for me that we would chance to hear on the radio. "What are they saying, Prof?" I would ask.

"He's asking can he come up and visit her when her folks are asleep."

"What are they saying now?"

"He's telling her he bets she's got a pretty thing," Prof explained.

(thing?)

Occasionally he would talk about his boyhood. "My mother was away quite a bit...and I was a cute boy. Those big girls would hug me to their breasts and pull and kiss me." Prof would stop and make a face of extreme pleasure, squinching up his eyes behind his rimless glasses and hugging his vest. This is how my education stood when Sammy came to work at the shop and I got to know him.

My dad was intensely interested in what he called basic economics and whenever he got the chance he lectured anyone, especially me, on the virtue of the dollar. "You know why the white man gets ahead?—he saves his money. He isn't fooled with baseball games and other trifles... I never saw one in my life. Why should I, who cares whose batting is up, or down? All those fools talking about big league...the big league, they don't even have Negroes on their teams. That's where the white man gets it on us, he learns basic economics... basic economics...how to save his money." The shock of my life came when I first saw a white person waste money, it was as if God had refuted the Blood of the Lamb.

I had a small business of my own. Near the end of the week some of the help ran short of cash and I would loan them lunch money on interest. No one wanted to ask my dad for an advance the second time, not that he would have refused, but because they would have had to listen to a lecture on basic economics. I knew them as you only get to know a person when you loan him your money. Sammy became one of my steady customers.

Sammy was a lover and it wasn't long after he started working at the tailor shop that various ladies began to come around to see him. If my dad was there they pretended to be on business. Dad always made it clear—"this is a place of business, not so much chin-music." To me he would add—"Son, when a customer comes in, jump, never leave the customer waiting. Learn all the prices, so you can tell the customer how much without looking it up...speak. He shouldn't have to go to the Jew down the street to get service."

One day Sammy said to me, after a little thin woman who had been making eyes and

pushing up against him while he sewed, had left, "You see her?"

"Who?" I asked.

"That little skinny one that was just in here."

"Yes."

"It's little ones like that—"

"Like what?" I interrupted.

"Like that...they usually got a box so big you need to tie a two-by-four across your butt to keep from falling in."

I nodded sagely.

In the meantime the Professor's stories were getting less vague—he told of girls who "would talk my mother into letting me spend the night with them. They would fondle my private parts and get my little thing so upset I wouldn't be good for a day." Sammy, not to be outdone, would tell a story—"We were coming back from swimming, walking down the railroad tracks. She said she had to stop and for me not to look. She went around a bush. I waited and then went around, too. She had her pants down p p-ing. She let me look at it and then we did it to each other...she grew up to be real fine, too."

As a sort of bonus when I loaned the fellows money I would go to the Greasy-

"...I bragged about that night, about not making her, not mentioning her name. 'Cats,' I would say, 'it was the one decent thing I ever did.'"

Spoon, the Bar-B-Q Pit, or to Walgreen's to get their lunch for them. One day I had gone to the store for the presser and when I came back Thelma, a big woman that would hang around Sammy sometimes when his wife or my Dad weren't there, was talking to Sammy.

Sammy got up from his machine as I went past carrying the presser his lunch. "Come in back with me while I iron out this coat seam," he said to Thelma.

I gave the presser his food and went back to the front of the shop and sat down.

"Hey, kid, come here," Sammy called to me. His voice was muffled by bags of clothing. The shop was crowded with garments, pants, shirts, dresses, etc., hung everywhere. The tailors' ironing space was a little nook completely hidden from the front by two rows of bagged garments and surrounded on three sides by clothing.

"What do you want?" I yelled.

"Come here."

When I went back Sammy had finished ironing the seam and he had started playing around in the top of Thelma's dress.

My eyes felt as if they were burning.

"Oh, Sammy, stopppp...you're terrible. Look, that little boy is looking at you," the lady said.

"Who? That's my buddy. Come here, kid, come here."

I wanted to go to him, but I was embarrassed. I wanted to go closer, but I wanted to be invisible.

"Don't Sammy," she whined.

"Oh, shut up, girl," Sammy bullied and teased her. He pulled the brassiere down off her shoulders and pulled out her big slightly pendulous breasts. "Hey, kid."

"Oh, Sammy," she whined, "You're the worst...Oh, Sammy, stop."

He put her right breast in his mouth, kissing it and rolling his eyes. "Hey, Kid," he beckoned me closer.

"Awww, Sammy," is all I could seem to say.

"Come here," he coaxed, "and look at them."

If I could have only disappeared and still have been there. I wondered and feared if they knew about the warmth in my pants. I had inched within grabbing distance and Sammy reached out and clutched me and pulled me to them. He took my hand and placed it on her free breasts. I stood there wanting to sink through the floor holding her body. The woman had stopped pleading and watched me curiously. Sammy took my other hand and pushed it in on her dress, right where her legs met and her stomach pushed out a little. I still had her breast.

"Kiss it," he urged. I kissed her breast a tentative peck all atremble.

"No, Stupid, not there...Thelma, help him," Sammy said. She lifted up her breast from the bottom and shoved it at me curiously. The teat loomed at me like a knuckle of a child's fist, or the eye of a drunk. Then, keplunk it was in my mouth. She rubbed me between the pant legs. The shop began to swim and I braced myself against the swirl of the place by wrapping my knees around one of her legs. Sammy hiked up her dress and directed my hand under it. We almost upset a clothes rack full of overcoats stored for the coming summer, and she let me try for the laugh. While I was at it Sammy kept laughing and she kept laughing and Sammy was screaming something in my ear and the universe opened up until I thought I knew everything about everything.

I didn't, of course. In fact, as the years went by...went, hell, as they go by, I'm still astounded by the holes that remain. Of course, even a genius is an idiot about some things—and I'm no exception. I learned a lot between my boyhood in the tailor shop and my young manhood at college. At least I thought I did... But then at college there was Marjorie—just when I thought I knew everything about everything (again).

Marjorie was far from beautiful, and plain black girls led lonely lives at my college. White girls who found themselves out in the cold in the looks department

Continued on 106

oui

SCHOOLIN'

Continued from 20

joined sororities and let their prettier sisters wheedle dates for them, but Negroes were not taken into sororities. The campus was geared to the fraternal societies and if you didn't belong there was a big sea of loneliness surrounding you. Oh, there was the thirty-man lifeboat of Negro companionship that we all clung to—the lifeboat was in very poor condition though, it leaked terribly; we were ashamed because the lifejackets of school pride we were issued didn't seem to hold us up very well, perhaps life had let the air out of our preservers, maybe Negroes weigh more, or something, anyway we were ashamed that the lifejackets weren't sufficient and even as we huddled together in the tossing, leaking vessel, each person clutching his tools and bailing furiously against the lonely water, we denied that the lifeboat existed. Negro boys bailed with sports and church and the girls bailed with dates when they could get them and with every campus activity open to them.

I think Marjorie was in more organizations than anyone in the school. Her picture appeared everywhere in the yearbooks smiling, always smiling. Marjorie was kind and sweet, in fact, all the Negroes were—never getting angry, never saying bad things of other students, never borrowing clothing, never acting shitty, never cutting classes or breaking training—we were perfect.

Sometimes I would see Marjorie flitting across the campus from meeting to meeting, planning packages to be distributed to the local poor, or helping to organize a group to visit The Home for Wayward Girls. She would greet people with that whimsical, reassuring smile that she wore, that most of the Negro students wore—Oh, Yes, the smile said, We love it here (we're wonderfully adjusted). We were model students. From time to time someone would deviate and rock the boat, but in general we presented a one hundred percent front of goodwill.

I was one of the big deviators. Once a puzzled teacher summed up the general situation. He asked me, "Why can't you be like the rest of your er...er...people, they're adjusted? Do you know that you're the only Negro student that ever handed in a theme to me late? Did you know Charles Rollins? No, no, he left before you came. He was a wonderful lad, a Negro...just like yourself. Charles was a four letter man and president of his class twice!"

I never deviated to the extent that the boat was in danger of capsizing or anything like that. Still, I wasn't too popular and I wondered why Marjorie who was very shy and correct had changed seats to sit with me. To change seats to sit with someone is an overt action, and as I said, at college

Marjorie was very timid. Now with the perspective, or rather, with the honesty of time, I believe she was desperately lonely, even with all the meetings, even going home for Christmas, she was suffocatingly lonely. If I suspected a little of her solitude at the time, I shut it out of my mind. I preferred to think that the cynical outcast-of-the-islands role that I was playing that semester had hopelessly ensnared her heart.

When you first met Marjorie, even before she spoke, you could tell she had made a truce with her looks. Her entire manner seemed to say I know I'm not so pretty, don't worry I won't be a bother. Marjorie was retiring and obsequious and everyone seemed to love her.

When she sat down next to me on purpose, for the long train ride home for winter vacation, she opened with her so-glad-to-be-here smile, the well adjusted smile of the yearbook pictures. I cooled it and she had to open the conversation.

"How are you?"

"Bien," I said, letting it drop.

"Glad to be going home?" she said (trying again).

I thought of Chicago just before Christmas when I was little with the crowds bustling along in the Loop and my mother holding my hand—it would get dark, a slight snow might fall...

"I think it will be nice to get home," she said.

"Yeh, sure, yes...it will be."

I still thought of home around Christmas-time just as it had been when I was a little boy, when with my mitten in my mother's hand I was tugged along in the wonderful loop crowds.

"I never see you around the upperclass dorms," she persisted. "Are you going with a freshman girl?"

"No, I don't have a girl (significant pause)...at the college."

In the front of the coach some students had started to sing and their voices filled in the spaces between our words. Behind us a bridge game was going.

"Why don't you come around to the dorm and talk to me some time? Upperclass girls can stay out until eleven on weekdays and until one o'clock on Saturdays."

I turned and looked at Marjorie. In the slang of our college coming up to talk to someone meant taking them out. I never expected quiet little Marge to suggest that we start dating.

"Your friends wouldn't like that," I said.

(SILENCE)

"Look," I said, "You're nice...but something has got to be happening. (What I meant was she would have to sleep with me if I took her out.) I mean you have to put down something more than conversation." I sat under a palm tree with a filthy beard drinking wine, no one on the island liked me, except the chief's beautiful daughter who was asking to come and live with me.

"I know what you mean," she said. Marge understood me, and she agreed and I

knew she'd never welch. Quiet, starchy, puritanical, obsequious Marge willing to trade herself, willing to trade what she probably considered her soul, for a little glitter and companionship—that was the first time I had an inkling of the depth of the human heart and what a dreamer it is and how lonely it could be.

I nodded agreement to the terms of the bargain.

We sat there a while, not saying anything. It was twilight and the landscape flashed past, a road, then a town, then farmland, then a road again. I remembered all the big deal activities on the campus, the dances, hayrides; I was sure Marjorie had never been asked. At home for her parents Marjorie probably had to pretend her college life was a mad social whirl. You know how parents are, if they do see defects in their children, they build compensating virtues to balance things out. Parents don't see their children as ugly, or unattractive, even if they say they do.

Also, Marge's parents probably hardly considered the fact that Marjorie was a Negro. That phenomenon, that much brighter tomorrow, was the direct result of the old hard-sell applied to the American Dream for a couple of centuries and until recently, no matter how bitter or disillusioned people were when their children were born they dragged out and polished up the old Up-the-Ladder-Dream. They were dead positive that life would be kinder to their children (anyway, the reality people face for themselves they often cannot bear to face for their children).

"Let's go out this coming Friday," I asked Marge, "the..." I took my wallet out and looked the date up on a pocket calendar. "The 23rd...O.K.?"

"Won't you be busy?" Marge said. I had caught her unprepared and she had relapsed into her old obsequious self. "Don't you have something else planned...I mean I don't want to upset—"

"Look," I interrupted, "if you've got some guy on the hook and you're all booked up...O.K., say so, but don't try to let me down easy."

She grinned with pleasure and it was a nice moment for us, sitting in the coach speeding into the deepening twilight.

Before I left the train we made a date for the 23rd.

When the big Friday came I borrowed my dad's car, wiped it off, put a blanket in the back seat and drove into Chicago to pick Marjorie up.

I took her to some of the cheaper nightclubs that rudely shoulder one another for attention along 63rd Street; outside catchy neon signs, inside darkness and second rate plushness. It was the first time Marge had been nightclubbing. I liked her, against her naivete I seemed blase and sophisticated. We came out of a bar about twelve-thirty. It had been snowing. Suddenly it was time to seal the pact, we both knew it and we were embarrassed. I

took her elbow until we got to the car. When I opened the door for her, one of us said something simple and we laughed. We found a place and parked, then, suddenly, it was quiet.

To me, there is always something oldshoeish about making love. Perhaps the bed is different, or the motel, or the park, maybe the partner, or method is new; nevertheless, what, or how many things are new to me, when we put our arms around one another and sink down, after a moment, nothing seems unusual—there is a sudden sharp stream of familiarity and nothing, even if it is in an apartment doorway, or under a tarpaulin on a crowded beach seems unusual. But first, before you sink down, there is the terrible period of small talk, when you babble back and forth to one another, neither paying any attention to what is said, just filling up the space everyone feels is necessary.

"What are you majoring in, Marge?" I said. I had thrown the blanket over us. Under the blanket I began to unbutton her coat, then I put my hands on her waist. Her hands stopped mine automatically, then remembering herself she let me continue.

"European History," she said. I put my hand on her shoulders, she leaned back out of the streetlight—now completely in the noncommittal shadow of the seats—I started rubbing her breasts and she began to breathe deeper.

"What are you going to do when you graduate?" I asked.

"I don't know for sure yet...I don't know for sure," she said. I eased her into a comfortable position, then I put my hand on her leg, and started it up, along her stocking—I loved to do that when a girl had on stockings, run my hand up her leg, when I came to the top of her stocking and felt her soft flesh, the same good and honest flesh you hardly notice at the beach, it always gave me a thrill, it was different, at the top of a stocking it was wrong and nasty and wonderful.

"My dress is getting all mussed," she said.

"Pull it up neatly," I told her. I unfastened the top of her dress and pulled it and her slip down from her shoulders, then I took her breasts from her brassiere.

"Sit up," I said.

"Why, Honey?"

"I want to look at you, sit up...just for a minute, so the streetlight falls on you." I looked at her, with her dress pulled up around her waist and down off her shoulders, with the brassiere cutting awkwardly under her exposed breasts and I felt like, I guess, a mountain climber feels at the summit. Shit—suddenly I owned the world—don't I have this broad right here of her own asking? Hell, man, I can operate! I eased her back into the shadows. "Take off your panties," I said. You do it, I thought, you do it, show me you want me. She took off her pants. She was crying softly. I began to rub her and explore.

"What's the matter?" I said.

(Sniffling)

"This is the first time, isn't it?"

(Sniffling, softer)

I realized I didn't want to keep the bargain with Marjorie. Of course, I could have laid her and then welched on my part of the bargain, but, at the time bargain breakers, liars, welchers, promise forgetters and cheats in general composed the cornerstone of my hate against the world and I didn't want to compromise my scorn.

"If this is the first time then a car isn't the right place," I said, excusing myself. I talked on about positions and pain. She dressed and we kissed awhile. I noticed I could see my breath and we realized the car had become cold so I took her home. Later in bull sessions back at college, I bragged about that night, about not making her, not mentioning her name. "Cats," I would say, "it was the one decent thing I ever did."

I didn't see Marjorie anymore during Christmas vacation. A week after school reopened I happened to meet her in front of the student union.

"Hi, Marjorie," I said.

"Hi, there. Are you ready for exams?" she said.

"I hope so," I said.

"Are you going to come by sometime, soon?" she said. She smiled at me—it had probably started out as a smile of encouragement or obsequious seduction, but through force of habit it ended up the NEGRO (we like it here) SPECIAL.

I told her, I would be glad to come by if I didn't think my roommate would kill me. Anyway, I said, he knows you and he likes you. Well then why hadn't he ever said anything at all. I said he was only a sophomore and she was a senior. Was I teasing? Hell, no. But why hadn't he ever said anything. You know how it is, I said.

That night when my roommate came in I called him over to my desk. "Say, Cat, do you know who digs you?"

"Who?"

"Marjorie that sorta cute little senior girl that—"

"Who?"

"Look you must know her. She's a quiet little girl from Chicago. She told me she liked you when we rode home Christmas—I know it seems funny," that's it, bring up any shaky part yourself. "I saw her again today and she mentioned you." My roommate put his hands in his pockets and rocked on his heels masculinelike. "Give her a call, Cat...call her up, Honeybunch."

"What for?" He sauntered over to his desk and picked up his pipe and tried to light it.

"But how do you—"

I interrupted him, pretending to lose my temper which always adds credulity. "Look, Motherdear, I just told you...I mean, don't give me a hard time. Believe me it's a good deal, if you take it or not is up to you."

In our room which was on the west side

of the dorm twilight lingered and lingered and when night would finally come it didn't seem like night at all, but only a darker twilight and the room always had a semi-mole atmosphere. Anyway, my roommate stood in the false twilight with his feet apart and his pipe lit glaring at me. Maybe, I thought I poured it on too thick, but finally he said:

"What's her telephone number, Mother-dear?" I gave it to him and he went and called her at her dorm.

After they started going together they would drive to Columbus every Sunday and spend the day. Once Marjorie managed to get a weekend off and they spent it together in a motel near Ohio State that would take blacks.

"Cat," my roommate told me after he came back from his first date with her, "Thank You!"

"What happened, man?" I said.

He rolled his eyes.

I didn't see Marjorie for almost a month and a half. When I did finally meet her she seemed like quite a different person. Marjorie was in love: she was in love with my roommate, she was in love with being somebody, she was in love with the sparkle she thought love had brought to her, she was in love with being with a group of girls and looking up at the clock and letting out a little gasp and flurrying out to get dressed for her date.

When I met her she seemed haughty and I was irritated with her. I secretly wished I had gotten into her pants when I had the chance. In the bullsessions when I told the story, "We were in the back seat...it was all arranged, but she cried and I let her go," I was tempted to break my code and use her name, but I didn't.

I only remember meeting her once, face to face, after that. We passed one another in front of the library. I expected her to be haughty, but she seemed more like her old worried, apologetic self. She slowed down as if she had something to ask me, but I only nodded and passed her. Spring came to the campus; jerky, hopeful, uncertain like a fat girl trying to make friends—a false summer day here and there, then rainy days and finally the trees would turn green and it was spring. Sometimes I saw her flitting across the campus going to a meeting, or to my roommate.

A month after I passed her at the library I opened the college newspaper and discovered she had died. Her obituary was on the second page:

Last night the campus lost a stellar student. Marjorie (Marge) Kathryn Chambers, died in the Municipal Hospital of blood poisoning. Sunday she was admitted to the college infirmary after she had complained of a sore throat and headache to her roommate, Betty Sparks, and had been persuaded to go to the infirmary. When it was discovered

she was suffering from blood poisoning she was rushed to the Municipal Hospital where she died at six-twenty last night. Marjorie had received the poisoning through a wound in her left foot that had been uncared for. Marjorie was...

It went on to tell how active she was in organizations, how we would all miss her and how well liked she was.

I put the paper down.

I got up from my desk, went over to the window and looked out at the campus. I felt sorry—suddenly I imagined myself in a bathrobe with a scarf around my neck, in a room with a beamed ceiling and a fireplace with the logs glowing briskly, receiving the news of someone's death. A car winding through the campus road caught my eye and snapped me back. I thought of what life would have been—nothing came, so I read "Thanatopsis," "Dover Beach," and "To an Athlete Dying Young" from a poetry textbook. I wrote a poem and dedicated it to Marjorie. I can only remember two words and a phrase from the poem. The two words were "Brief deciduous" and the phrase was "Dying in the spring time."

Several people asked me, "Did you hear about Marge?" Yeh, I heard.

Years later I met a black classmate and we began to talk about college, slipping automatically into the old slang manner of speaking that we had used, calling each other Motherdear and Honeybunch. We had a regular Old Home Week discussing

the places and people we knew, reviewing scene after scene and person after person. Eventually we came to Marjorie.

That was tough, Cat, about Marjorie, I said. Yeh. Stepping on a tack and getting lockjaw, I said, she would have graduated that semester. He looked at me to see if I was serious. Didn't I know the story? Of course I knew the story. Oh, no I didn't he said, how gullible could a fellow be—stepping on a nail and getting tetanus. He admitted she died of tetanus. The authorities couldn't change that, he said. Not many people die of lockjaw nowadays. I agreed. Why did Marge? I don't know, she was just careless, I said. Not hardly, Cat. What do you mean, I said. *She was trying to give herself an abortion*, he said.

I thought back to her funeral service. It was held in the College Chapel. Her parents wanted it there. The Dean of Women read the sermon. Her voice was firm and regretful, it soared through the crowded chapel carrying such phrases as: great loss, typifying goodness, excellent future. All the clubs Marjorie had ever belonged to came en masse. Each fraternity and sorority sent an official representative and all the Negroes were there scattered methodically throughout the funeral crowd. After the service everyone filed past for the last look. The people in front of me oohed and ahed and doesn't she look natural, and isn't she sweet. When it came my turn I leaned over and looked in—the first thing I saw was that goddamn smile. ■

Sexual Aids: How to order them without embarrassment. How to use them without disappointment.

If you've been reluctant to purchase sexual aids through the mail, the Xandria Collection would like to offer you two things that may change your mind:

1. A guarantee
2. Another guarantee

First, we guarantee your privacy. Should you decide to order our catalogue or products, your transaction will be held in the strictest confidence.

Your name will never (never) be used for additional mailings or solicitations. Nor will it be sold or given to any other company. And everything we ship to you is plainly packaged, securely wrapped, without the slightest indication of its contents on the outside.

Second, we guarantee your satisfaction. Everything offered in the Xandria Collection is the result of extensive research and real-life testing. We are so certain that the risk of disappointment has been eliminated from our products, that we can actually guarantee your satisfaction—or your money promptly, unquestioningly refunded.

What is the Xandria Collection?

It is a very, very special collection of sexual aids. It includes the finest and most effective products available from around the world. Products that can open new doors to sexual gratification (perhaps many doors you never knew existed!).

Our products range from the simple to the delightfully complex. They are designed for both the timid and the bold. For anyone who's ever wished there could be something more to their sex life.

If you're prepared to intensify your own sexual pleasure, then by all means send for the Xandria Collection catalogue. It is priced at just three dollars which is applied in full to your first order.

Write today. You have absolutely nothing to lose. And an entirely new world of enjoyment to gain.

The Xandria Collection,
P.O. Box 31039, San Francisco, CA 94131

Please send me, by first class mail, my copy of the Xandria Collection catalogue. Enclosed is my check or money order for three dollars which will be applied towards my first purchase.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Our catalogue and products are sent only to adults over the age of 21. Your age and signature are needed below.

I am _____ years old.

Signed _____

Xandria, 1245 16th Street, San Francisco

Void where prohibited by law.